

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1808.

[NO. 29.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

THE WALK OF RICHARD, THE ARABIAN PHILOSOPHER.

AT the court of the Caliph Massa Al Hadi, lived an old man, by name Al Raschid, on whom the petty courtiers exercised their wit, whom the ladies disliked, and who, during seventy-six years had been fourteen times banished from the presence of his sovereign, because some unpleasant truth was forever dropping from his lips.—He laughed at banishment, for in the garden of nature he always found the best company; and the court fourteen times recalled him, because it was perceived he could be happy at a distance from the court. During one of the periods of his punishment, as he was tracing the path of wisdom in his retirement, he was lucky enough to gain a knowledge in the language of animals. From that moment, his favorite amusement was in listening to them, and he found that they often talked more rationally than the great men who surrounded the caliph's throne. He one day observed upon the leaves of a bush a colony of insects called Ephemera, to whom the Creator has affixed the end of their existence almost close to the hour of their birth—for they are born and die in the same day. Al Raschid attentively approached a small group of them, and perceived they were engaged in a violent dispute, but as they were all talking together, it was long before he could discover the subject of their controversy. At length when the more vociferous among them had bawled till they were tired, he found that their conversation had turned upon two foreign virtuosos, who were just arrived. These were a humble bee and a gnat, upon whose pre-eminence the opinions of the ephemera were much divided. One side maintained that the humble bee sung the finest bass which had ever been heard throughout the empire of insects,

while the other defended the fascinating treble of the gnat.

"Happy race!" exclaimed Al Raschid, "who, in spite of the few hours allotted to their existence, can thus amuse yourselves with the bass of a bee, and the treble of a gnat." With a smile, he turned his ear unto one of the oldest ephemera, who sat alone upon a leaf, and uttered the following soliloquy:

"The most celebrated philosophers of our nations, who lived many hours before me, have asserted that this world cannot last longer than eighteen hours, and niethinks they were right. For when I consider how much that great globe of fire, from which all nature gains existence, has, even during my time, declined towards the sea, which surrounds this earth, and I cannot but suppose it will there end, its torch be extinguished in the waves, the earth must then be lost in total darkness, which must naturally produce universal annihilation. Of these eighteen hours I have lived seven—four hundred and twenty minutes!—A great age!—How few among us reach this period? I have seen whole generations rise, flourish, and decay. My present friends are children, and grand children of those whom I knew in my youth. They are gone long before me, and, alas! but too soon shall I follow them. I must own, God be thanked, I feel tolerably well in my old age; yet, according to the customary course of nature, I can, at the very utmost, only expect to live eight minutes more. What then avails all my industry? What avails it that with a thousand anxieties and cares, I have gathered a provision of sweet dew upon this leaf, which the approaching end of my existence will not allow me to enjoy? In vain have I so often risked my life in battle for our nation. In vain have I, far from the bustle of the world, endeavoured to form this colony by salutary precepts. It is true, my friends often flatter me that I shall leave a great name behind me; but what avails all this, if, at the end

of eighteen hours the sun shall be extinguished, and the world dissolve into eternal nothingness. Oh! if I could but expect a durable fame of thirty or forty hours!"

Al Raschid smiled; and immediately started at having smiled; for *hours and years!* are they not the same at last?

Avarice Justly Punished.

Doom'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

POPE.

Mons. Foscue, one of the Farmers general of the province of Languedoc, in France, who had amassed a considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means, however low, base, or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the governor to raise a considerable sum: upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination. For that purpose he dug a kind of cave in his wine cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down to it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which, on shutting, would fasten itself. All at once Mons. Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drained and every method which human imagination could suggest, was taken to find him, but all in vain.

In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild it, or make some alteration in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down they found Mons.

Foscue lying dead on the ground with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eat; and on searching further, they found the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed when Mons. Foscue went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him, and being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and to the prejudice of the whole state.

History.

ALEXANDER the Great gave evident symptoms in his youth of a magnanimous and unparalleled maturity; for when no man durst mount the fierce and unruly horse Bucephalus, that was presented to his father Philip, he bestrode him and managed him with such dexterity that, when he dismounted, his father embraced him, and with tears trickling from his eyes, said, "Son, seek out a greater kingdom, for that which I shall leave thee will be too narrow to content so great a hero." He had before observed the greatness of his son's mind; for when he was a boy at school, and news was brought him of a great victory his father had gained: if, says he, fetching a deep sigh, my father conquer all, what will be left for me to do? and being told, all his father gained was for him. I little value, said he, a great and potent empire, if the means of gaining glory and renown be taken from me.

Themistocles in his juvenile years, gave such presages of a quick wit and a solid judgment, that his school-master observing it, was wont to say, "My son thou wilt be nothing indifferent, but either a great glory or a great glague to thy country;" and he happily proved the former, though it was some time first.

Theodricus Meschede, a learned physician in Germany, was blessed with a son of his own name, who at fifteen years of age, in learning and eloquence excelled those that had gained a reputation by it. He wrote to Trethemins, and other learned men of that age many epistles on a variety of subjects, in such exquisite Ciceronian eloquence, that for the accuracy of his wit, and dexterity and promptitude in writing, and smartness in disputing, he was accounted the non-pariel of his age.

Titus Vespasian in his younger years, was so cruel, covetous, riotous, unchaste, and given to all manner of debauchery, that he was commonly called another Nero. But being elected emperor he so changed his course of life, that he was celebrated for the contrary virtues. He would not suffer any of his former associates so much as to come into his presence, Queen Bernice, for whom he had sometimes a great affection, he sent away from Rome: He made himself supreme pontiff, to keep his hands from being defiled with blood, and demeaned himself during his whole reign, with so much justice, integrity, clemency and innocence, that he was meritoriously stiled, from his coronation to his dissolution, the joy and delight of mankind.

King Henry V. while prince, was extremely wild, and being corrupted with extravagant, lewd and riotous companions, did many things to the grief of the king his father, and had almost forfeited the love of the subjects: But im-

mediately after his coronation, he sent for his former loose associates, who being in his presence (and it may be in hopes of being made great men) he commanded every one of them upon the peril of forfeiting their heads, never to appear in his presence, or come within the verge of his court; and that they might lie under no temptation to dishonesty, by their necessity and poverty, he allowed them each a competency for their subsistence in a reputable course of life; and became himself an exemplary and victorious prince.

Philip, the last save one, of the Macedonian kings, was a prince endued with all the perfections of body and mind; he was a comely person, of a ready eloquence, of a royal gravity and majesty, of a great spirit, liberal minded, and, in a word, a king of such promising hopes in his youth, that Greece had scarcely seen the like: but behold in a moment, was so changed for the worst, that he became cruel even to his own blood, poisoned the best sort of men, beheaded some, banished others, declined into a very evil prince, and was hated and unfortunate.

Herod king of Judea, in the first six years of his reign, was one of the best of princes; courteous, affable, mild, and obliging, but afterwards degenerated into downright babarity. At one time he caused seventy senators of the royal blood to be put to death. He killed his beloved wife Mariamne, and three of his sons. When he saw death approaching, he sent for all the nobility from every part of Judea, caused them to be confined in the Cirque, with a purpose to have them all murdered, not for any fault they had committed, but because at his death there should be a real and universal mourning, because no family was exempt from that calamity.

Nero, Emperor of Rome, at his first ascending the throne, was a prince celebrated for his virtues, in which he continued five years; but afterward outlived his fame; for he poisoned his brother, compelled his tutor Seneca to bleed to death, ripped up the bowels of his mother, set Rome on fire, and abstained from no kind of wickedness, till the world being weary of harbouring so vile a monster, he became his own executioner.

In youth alone unhappy mortals live:
But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.

DRYDEN.

Distempers of the mind cured.

SIR,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in any bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into the pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any fancies of that kind since.

MR. WILLIAM MEANY, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and, at present, whichever way the wind blows, is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq., was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witicism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house: instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better; from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present he never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for my specimen.

I am, &c.

B. THORNTON.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be that he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

A good word is an easy obligation; but a bad word, which requires only our silence, which costs nothing to speak, and nothing to hear.



Original Poetry.

*For you ye fair I feel a joy divine,
To gather fruit and point you to the vine.*

Hope.

WITH her spread pinions, see the SERAPH fly,
Swift as the vivid lightnings through the sky;
O'er trackless oceans still pursue her way,
Thro' darksome cells "where ne'er did day-light stray;
To where the dungeon captive sits alone,
And spacious vaults re-echo to his groan;
Methinks, I see him raise his eyes to heav'n,
And ask, why life with misery was giv'n?
"Where is his bosom friend, his children where?
The constant objects of his love and care?"
Hope sweetly smiling checks the rising sigh,
His pulse beats quick, and joy illumines his eye!

Where tyranny with every evil reigns,
There Hope her gentle sway, full oft maintains;
Exclaims that virtue here, is doom'd to toil,
Through adverse fate the best endeavors fail.
But in a better clime meets perfect bliss,
Where penury, nor cruel Lord's oppress,
Then is a hard brown crust, a morsel sweet,
More nutritive, than viands to the great,
For Hope divinely on life's burden smiles,
All present care, and present grief beguiles!

Ah! see a mother gaze upon her child,
With stedfast looks, now with despairing wild!
Distressful sickness marks its destin'd prey,
And sweeps each tint of healthful bloom away.
Lo! Hope appears, each painful doubt is fled,
She sees her darling raise his feeble head;
And fondly pictures scenes of future bliss,
Much too refin'd for earth-born happiness!
The seaman leaves behind the distant shore,
To view the friends he loves, perhaps no more;
Yet while his native Country disappears,
Hope's setting beams, shall glisten thro' his tears!
Hail, friend of man! I feel thy potent sway,
Thy smiles on night, pour forth the light of day!
Man feels the world a desert without thee,
Unknown to aught, beside pale misery!
With thee he treads the maze of human life,
Amidst its pains, anxieties and strife,
Charm'd by thy smile, in death he sinks to rest,
Led by thy promise, rises with the blest!

Malbina.

EPIGRAM.

I LOVE, because it comes to me by KIND,
And much, because it much delights my MIND;
And THEE, because thou art within my HEART;
And thee ALONE, because of thy DESERT.
I Love, and much, and thee, and thee alone;
By kind, mind, heart, desert, and every one.

Obituary.

ON the 25th of August, 1808, Monsieur Ange Hypolite Nicolas Le Bel departed this life after a long and painful illness, which he bore with uncommon fortitude.

He was born in Paris of respectable parents, in 1782: his father was appointed in 1791 treasurer general of the Mint by Louis 16th, and died shortly after.

Monsieur Le Bel followed General Leclerc to St. Domingo, and came to this hospitable land, soon after the failure of the St. Domingo expedition, where he remained four years and lived independent, although he had no other support to depend upon but the earnings of his personal talents and industry. The accomplishments that he acquired only to embellish and complete his education he taught from necessity. His success accelerated his death: he undertook more than his constitution could bear; the tears of the pupils that accompanied his remains to the grave, and their parent's esteem and attention, attest his constant endeavours to do justice to every youth confided to his tuition. If he had an usual share of human infirmities, he had also his proportion of good qualities. In the list of his warmer passions, he might certainly count his friendships. He had great firmness in whatever he conceived honest and honourable. And what after all is perhaps among the best proofs of his worth is, that though the writer of this often opposed him, and gave him harsh advice, yet he was in the end pleased to value his friendship for these very circumstances. In short, Mr. Lebel, lived and died an honest man.

Zeal.

An old Chinese went one day to a Missionary who was in his village, to represent to him the extreme desire he had of building a church there. "Your zeal is laudable," said the father to him; "but we have not now the means of defraying so great an expence." "I aspire to do it myself," replied the villager. The Missionary accustomed to see him for many years lead a very poor life, believed him not to be in a situation to accomplish what he promised. He again praised his good intentions, representing to him the length of the village, consequently the large size of a suitable building, and his incompetency to so great a work. "Excuse me," replied the countryman, "I believe myself able to do what I propose." "But do you know," said the father, "that two thousand crowns at least are necessary for such an undertaking?" "I have them already," replied the old man; "and if I had not, I should not thus have importuned you." The missionary was much charmed at learning that this good man, whom he had thought very poor, was possessed of so much, and that he wished to employ it so usefully; nor was he less surprised, when having the curiosity to ask him how he had been able to procure this sum, he ingeniously answered, that for forty years, since he had conceived this design, he had retrenched from his food and clothing all that was not absolutely necessary, that he might have the consolation before he died, of leaving in his village a house erected to the honour of the true God!

From the Balance.

The following communication was made to us, together with a request, that we would give it a place in our Monitorial Department. While we readily comply with this request, we shall, at the same time, do but justice to remark, that, in a general view and in all places within the circle of our acquaintance female conduct does, in no wise, appear to merit more censure than that of the other sex.

EDIT. BAL.

Advice to Young Ladies.

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds. I advise you to read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, and if you like, the stories of prudent generous love. You dress well, and have the belle air and mein; be as polite in your language as in your dress; and learn to write a stile, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good house-wives: but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some, be mutes and statues in company; nor as others, perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs beneath them. Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners, nor a powdered tortured head with a short foppish tail for gentility, nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trimm'd off with a gross or two of velvet binding, and a vest about six inches long, for an independent fortune, nor servile cringing for true love. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom, but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of minding at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience.

To conclude, I inform you that there are some ladies who talk so fast, and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs.

Anecdote.

THE cause tried lately at York, where a Lady was said to have persuaded her Lover to accompany her to Gretna-Green, is the more extraordinary as this is not leap year. A case somewhat similar occurred several years ago; a young gentleman went to consult Sergeant Maynard (author of a book entitled Law Quibbles) how he might safely carry off an Heiress. "You cannot do it at all with safety," said the Sergeant, "but I'll tell you what you may do;—let her mount a horse, and hold the bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The Sergeant was however sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice, when next day he found it was his own daughter that had run away with his client.

[London Paper.]

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL avowed himself no enthusiast in favour of Bloomfield; neither am I, but still my approbation is not overcoloured in the following.

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

From roaring wars,
From valour panting o'er the bloody plain,
From wounds and scars,
From broken armour and from heaps of slain;

From massy stones,
Which swell memorials of a victor's name;
From bleaching bones,
And towers that totter o'er departed fame;

From ghastly tales,
Of deeds mysterious done in castles old;
Of lonely wails,
And bell at dead of night by spectres toll'd:

Of solemn strain,
By voices from beyond the grave was sung;
Of tapers wane:
And echo shudd'ring distant vaults among.

Away from these
The soul disgusted at its horror turns;
Seeks the soft breeze
And all the pleasures thou hast carol'd turns.

The fairy year
Bright in thy lay before his vision stands,
And through a tear
A smile looks forth along his native lands,

Spring's blooming green,
And all the rural joys of hill and dell,
Each happy scene
I see so often and I love so well;

Thy gentle lay
Adorns in robes as lillies chaste and sweet,
Mild as the day
And rich in moral as the sheaf in wheat.

Thou first hast dar'd
To sing of Nature's charms, in native strain,
The sweet reward
Of virtue's love, and praise shall be thy gain.

When loftier lines
Shall sleep forgotten in their kindred dust,
When ruin shrines
The monarch's palace and the hero's bust.

Thy native lays
A page shall win from poets more sublime,
And rob'd in bays
Shall smile along the weary lapse of time.

No more weak ire
Shall mock the worth too pure for vitious taste,
But all admire
The bard by Nature taught, by Virtue grac'd.

CARLOS.

History of Miranda's Expedition.

OLIVER & MUNROE,

*Intend putting immediately to press,*THE HISTORY OF MIRANDA'S LATE ATTEMPT TO
REVOLUTIONIZE SOUTH-AMERICA.In a series of letters by a gentleman who was an officer
in the enterprise, to his friend in the United States.

The manuscript has been inspected by several gentlemen of taste and literary eminence, who pronounce it a highly valuable and interesting work. The merit of it alone, would entitle it to the patronage of the public; but when it is remembered that Gen. Miranda is now in England, making preparations for going again to South America, and that Col. Burr is now on his passage there, it cannot fail to excite particular attention. It is thus noticed by a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the Editor of the North Star.

"A young gentleman whom I knew five years ago as an officer in the navy of the U. States, and which he left honorably, has lately returned from Miranda's expedition, into which he had been seduced by falsehood; and has shewn me a history of that enterprise in detail from the day of leaving New-York until its dissolution. The unstudied simplicity of the narrative carries conviction of its truth—I have advised its publication: so have other gentlemen of more deserving weight of character than myself. It has so much of incident that it will engage the curious reader; so much of extravagance as to seize on the adventurous; so much of disaster as to fix on sensibility and carries proof of such depraved hypocrisy in the leader as to interest, every lover of truth. Because I wish every tub to stand on its own bottom, I wish this exposure should go to the public. "Render unto Caesar, the things that are Caesar's."

Printers throughout the Union are desired to insert the above in their respective papers.

Printing.

THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF

Letter-Press Printing,

EXECUTED WITH

Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch,

BY

STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT THE MIRROR PRINTING OFFICE, OPPOSITE THE BRICK MARKET, COURT STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

BLANKS, BILLS, CARDS, &c.

PRINTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

French School.

A French gentleman wishing to tarry some time in this town, desires to take a few scholars to teach in the FRENCH LANGUAGE; and to ascertain his being adequate to the task, he will submit himself to the examination of any gentleman or gentlemen.

TERMS.—Ten dollars per quarter; Attendance three times a week; the lessons to be of one hour for two pupils. Apply to

Mr. L. de St. Omer,

At Col. Woodward's boarding house.

Portsmouth, Aug. 6, 1808.

Just Published, and for sale at this Office,

AN ORATION

Pronounced at Kittery, July 4, 1808.

By Benjamin Greene, Esq.

Select Miscellaneous Classics.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE & BLISS,

No. 8, State-street, Boston,

AND S. ETHERIDGE,

Washington Head, Charlestown,

ARE PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

In 50 Volumes Duodecimo, to be ornamented with plates engraved by the first American Artists;

ENTITLED,

"Select Miscellaneous Classics,"

COMPRISING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding.

PROSPECTUS.

The MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS are intended to comprise the above valuable and approved authors. The two first volumes of Pope are already published, as a specimen of the size, and style of execution, of this undertaking. The publishers intend issuing the residue to match the first volumes, so as to complete an uniform set of these valuable and scarce books; which are intended to form a complete little library of the choicest writings in the English language. This plan offers to the public a cheap and easy mode of procuring the best books, at a very reasonable price, by taking a volume at a time. The payment will be divided in such a manner as will put it in the power of almost every one to purchase it by subscribing. To those who do not subscribe, the price will be raised 25 per cent. at least.

With the fullest confidence of a liberal patronage from those gentlemen who have hitherto supported the American press, the publishers submit the following

CONDITIONS.

1. The Miscellaneous Classics are printing on fine velum paper, similar to the two first volumes, already published, and which are ready to be delivered to subscribers.
2. The work will be issued, one or more volumes a month, and delivered to subscribers in extra boards, at one dollar each, payable on delivery; and if not pressed, one dollar and twenty-five cents.
3. Any person having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such only as they have not; or theirs will be taken at a fair price, in part payment.
4. Individuals procuring subscribers are entitled to one copy for every ten they may obtain, they becoming responsible for the payment.
5. The names and residence of the subscribers to the Miscellaneous Classics, shall be published at the end of the work.

Boston, June 22, 1808.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage. To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.

All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

